talking about it and being too uninformed to say anything myself, I re-read the book carefully; and was able to tell Blum himself how foreign to me was a point of view that proposes ^happiness* as an aim, limits happiness to the bedroom and claims to furnish a recipe for capturing it.

"However typical and well presented all the observations of this book are —which seems a clever preface to the whole Jewish theater of today—they utterly overlook the value of resignation and restraint and imply the monstrous argument that the tree never produces so much or such fine fruit as in *the state of nature"*

I am merely a little boy having a good time—compounded with a Protestant minister who bores him.

* * *

16 October

I begin today because I should have more trouble beginning tomorrow. Returned to Paris yesterday, lunched at Copeau's, who dragged me off, immediately after the meal, to the dress rehearsal of *Monsieur Codomat*[22] at the Theatre Gemier.

Copeau had to lend me a collar; I still looked like a rustic; none the less, this sudden plunge into the world of Paris after the warm bath of autumn down in the country stirred my blood most pleasantly. Alone I should have flinched, but Copeau gave me assurance. I even let myself be introduced to Breval, who Taad been wanting to meet me'* for a long time. Found nothing moreover to say to her, nor she to me. She remained hidden in the shadow of her stage-box; very much sought-after however; somewhat worn face, but rather tragically beautiful. Said without difficulty or regret the flattest banalities; to enliven my wit, I should need a real desire to please, and not to stop there. (What Stendhal would have said or done . . .) Shook a rather large number of hands, of which I recognized only about half. B/s little brother is turning into a big fool. One is amazed always to be meeting Mendes; he

seems to be amazed that I do not speak to him. Franc-Nohain introduces to me his very nice young wife; the three of us talk of dear old La Perouse. This summer, invited by his old friend Dauphin (Franc* Nohain's father-in-law) to come and spend a few days in the country, he, who for the last thirty-three years has not left Paris, makes up his mind, gets to the Gare du Nord without having looked at the train schedule, waits for an hour and a half for a local train that takes three hours instead of one, arrives when he is no longer expected and hence finds no one at the station, gets an old woman to lead him through the woods to the Dauphin property, where she leaves him at the gate; look-

[22] Play by Tristan Bernard.